Prey

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/40654323.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Omega Verse, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, Trans Will Graham, Trans Male Character, female omega to male omega trans, mated, bonded, Established Relationship, Murder Husbands, antlered alphas, Kidnapping, Hunting Humans, Murder, sex next to a corpse, Light Dom/sub, Dom Hannibal Lecter, Sub Will Graham, Role Reversal, Unexpected Heat, Submission, oral sex on a trans man, blow job (t-cock), tongue fucking (front hole), Riding, front hole penetration, Sex, Knotting, Breeding Kink, Come Inflation, Praise, Happy Ending, Fandom Trumps Hate, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 35 of Tiger's S4 Hannigram fics, Part 109 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn
Collections:	Fandom Trumps Hate 2022
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-29 Words: 2,668 Chapters: 1/1

Prey

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will revels in their last kill before moving onto new hunting grounds - possibly too much as he unexpectedly goes in heat...

Notes

NB: genital language used in this fic is cock and front hole.

FTH Auction fic prompted by Dorian as a birthday gift for Bees! Happy Birthday!

AO3: TigerPrawn

Will made barely a sound as he chased through the woods. He moved lightly through the undergrowth, a concentrated stealth from years of fishing put to a new use. Honed by long months of hunting with his husband since their escape from their old lives.

His prey was not so quiet.

He was an antlered alpha, clearly one not used to moving his substantial rack through dense forestry. Only bonded alphas grew antlers, and Will wondered briefly if he should feel bad about robbing someone of their mate. But with such an alpha, Will was sure, the mate might be just as happy to be rid of him.

Will continued to stalk, amused by the alpha's clumsiness.

This had to be their last time hunting in this area before they moved on. Before people started to suspect this was more than one off murders or unfortunate accidents in the wilderness. It was unlikely that they would ever truly suspect that someone was in fact kidnapping people to release and hunt in this wilderness, but they might begin to wonder if there was a serial killer using the area as a dumping ground.

If they ever discovered this one's body, it would have clearly not been an accidental death.

He was bleeding like a stuck pig, trying to keep ahead of Will as they chased through the thicket. Will had already damaged him in the kidnapping, though not enough to slow him too much. Otherwise, where would be the fun?

The damage had been purposeful. He wasn't as good at controlling his rage as Hannibal, but he knew the alpha would stop him if he went too far. If he had too much fun.

Hannibal was just the firm hand that Will needed in many aspects of their life, and in hunting was practically a mentor.

This one they'd had their eye on for a while.

A butcher in their current town of residence, ironically. He had first caught their attention when they had been affectionate in his shop and he had sneered. They clocked him as one of those types that didn't agree with same sex couples regardless of their dynamic. Something that Will always found endlessly ironic given that he had started life as a female omega.

That sneer had sealed the man's fate. In Will it might inspire bitter amusement, in Hannibal it inspired a deadly silent murderous rage.

The butcher stumbled through the thicket, breaking into the clearing Will had purposely corralled him towards. And Will was on him then. He lept on the man's back and swung around him, his weight bringing the man down as Will's teeth ripped through his throat.

The butcher landed hard in the dirt, Will springing up and looking down at him before taking hold of the alpha's antlers.

Will roared, his hands now clutching hard to the antlers. He stood over the man, his body bruised and broken, bleeding out. The roar turned to a cry of elation as Will tugged them clockwise and heard the alpha's neck snap. The sound echoed in the small clearing.

Shaking, he let go, his fingers aching with how hard he had been gripping on. The alpha fell to the ground, lifeless.

"Beautiful," he heard Hannibal coo from a safe distance at the treeline of the clearing. "So fierce."

Will bristled at those words. He knew Hannibal didn't mean anything other than what he said, but all too often in his life before Hannibal that sort of thing was said to him in a certain tone. One that reminded him of how people had talked to him before he passed. Condescending.

But from Hannibal he knew that was never the case. So after a moment, that sensation bordering on dysphoria dissipated and he preened under the attention of his alpha.

Will felt the adrenaline coursing through him, and more. Much more. This elation was so good. So beautiful.

Will looked down at the body, the butcher's blood all over him and dripping down onto the corpse - returning to its master for the little good it would do him.

"You are perfect," Hannibal said, stepping forward and claiming Will's mouth in a wet kiss as their victim's blood smeared between them.

When Will slid his arms around Hannibal's neck, he was surprised by the soft grunt and pulled back.

"You were hurt?"

Hannibal shakes his head dismissively, "a cracked rib at most."

Hannibal had taken the brunt of the man when they had ambushed him in the alley behind his shop. They had locked antlers and fought until Hannibal had overpowered him. Will had been too caught up in admiration for his mate to notice the blows that had landed.

A low growl rumbled in his throat. What if Hannibal had lost? What if the butcher had been able to overpower him? Will's mind flashed back to the clifftop, to them both in the sea. It had been his own fault, his own stupid impulse, a decision he changed his mind on just moments before they hit the water. They had survived, together. And then they had mated and Hannibal's antlers had sprung up, and Will knew that if anything ever happened to Hannibal, he wouldn't be able to go on.

The fear of such a thing turned the growl to a whine as Hannibal stroked his back. Both covered in blood and sweat, panting against each other though their breaths were not evening out despite the come down.

Will couldn't help but tremble, realising he was half hard and wet, suddenly desperate for his alpha. Desperate to be reassured that he was alive and well, and they would always be together.

"Need you," the words came out as a mumble as Will started to nuzzle against Hannibal. His cheek, his neck. Blood smearing everywhere.

"Will…" Hannibal breathed out his name but there was admonishment in it. He pushed Will back to appraise him, using a thumb to fully open one of Will's eyes to check the pupils in the dimming twilight.

"You're going into heat."

Will nodded. He was sure Hannibal had to be right, because he could feel how wet he was, how hard. He could feel how hot he was, with blood pumping fast to every part of his body except his brain. Was it the injuries? The hunt? Was it the thought he might have lost Hannibal? He had no idea, but something was sending him into an early heat and he couldn't care less.

"Need you," he repeated, clinging to Hannibal who was now trying to extricate himself.

"We should get you home, it might last days." Hannibal, ever sensible. Ever dominant in their relationship, and usually in the bedroom too. He knew full well how Will liked to submit to him, both of them had safe words memorized. But he also knew that sometimes Will was a brat.

Will scoffed, knowing that Hannibal would either give in or take him home and punish him. Usually either would make Will happy, but his desperation grew and he couldn't wait any longer.

"Now," he demanded, somewhere between commanding and bratty.

Hannibal looked uncertain for a moment, like he might argue, but then he gave a curt nod.

“Once you are satisfied, then we will go home and continue this there.” There was a threat in those words that made Will wetter still.

Hannibal looked down at the body and then around the clearing and Will understood what he was thinking even without his empathy. They were so completely in sync - he knew that once Hannibal had satisfied him, he would move the body, dispose of it in the nearby river, and then ensure this site would be free of anything identifiable.

Such a good alpha, such a perfect alpha for an omega who perhaps grew too wild at times to be as careful as they should be.

“What wo-” Hannibal started as he turned back to Will, but Will was on him then, kissing him and tearing at his clothes. He was glad Hannibal never wore the plastic suit these days, no need for it for how they killed now. Drifters moving onto another place and new names before they could even be suspected.

Will left Hannibal’s dark sweater in shreds before moving onto his own clothes, needing desperately to be free of them. Hannibal helped him there, both their hands moving over the clothes soiled with blood and slick until Will was completely naked.

“Down,” Will growled, pushing at Hannibal’s shoulders until he obligingly went to his knees even if his gaze remained steely.

Even so, Will lifted one leg over Hannibal’s shoulder and the alpha didn’t hesitate in diving in, his lips wrapping around Will’s cock and sucking him down. More slick flooded, dampening Will’s thighs, as he took hold of Hannibal’s antlers and used them to guide him with rough pulls until he was practically riding Hannibal’s face.

Hannibal licked and sucked with gusto, ever the attentive alpha.

Sucking Will’s cock before letting his tongue drift lower to lap at his entrance and slide inside. He alternated between tongue fucking and cock sucking until Will was trembling. Every muscle stiff and aching in an effort to remain upright as he clung to the antlers for support.

“All those biology books about how antlers grow so that an alpha can defend their mate and stop other alphas trying to knock them up.” Will gasped the words as Hannibal ate him out. “But really, this is why you have antlers, isn’t it?” He tugged again, forcing Hannibal face up to his cock again.

Instead of sucking, Hannibal pulled back sharply so that he could look up at the omega who was controlling him.

“Don’t be a brat, Will,” Hannibal murmured the warning, but it was barely even that. They both knew it.

With a growl, Will pushed Hannibal to the ground.

He went, not expecting the sudden move, falling on his ass just far enough from the body not to land in the pooling blood.

Will grabbed hold of Hannibal's antlers, tighter than before, and pushed them back - forcing Hannibal to look up at him.

"Undo your pants," Will demanded, fire burning in his veins now as he tried to keep control when he wished he already had his alpha's cock inside him.

Hannibal glared at him even as he did as requested, undoing his belt, pulling open his fly and finally releasing his hard cock. It was already throbbing, leaking at the tip, his knot already starting to swell.

They were still glaring at each other as Will released him, hands going to Hannibal's shoulders as he lowered himself down - straddling his alpha.

Hannibal's jaw clenched as Will slid down his cock, taking him into his front hole - immediately to the knot - with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"Will," the word was reverent and Hannibal began to reach for Will, but Will once more took hold of Hannibal's antlers, this time right at the base where they protrude from his crown.

"Knot me, Alpha," Will's whine is still a command as he starts to ride Hannibal's cock hard and fast.

He loves the way Hannibal's eyes roll back, the way his jaw is still tight and his body rigid. He is tense, trying not to come too soon as he loves the way his omega treats him. Will doesn't need empathy to know that either, to know that Hannibal worships him and accepts the power he has over the alpha. In fact, despite his demeanour, he's revelling in it, delighted by the reversal of their usual dynamic. That only makes Will all the more turned on, to have his alpha submit to him.

"Right there, yes…" Will hisses as he practically bounces on Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal grunts, the dirt around them shifting with their movements. He can feel the alpha's strength, all of it beneath the surface and being held back - allowing Will this. The control and grounding that he needs after a kill.

"Use me," Hannibal growls as he sits as best he can, his hands going to Will's waist - not to guide him, but for some support as he starts to buck his hips up.

Will groans and meets each slight thrust with his own, driving himself deeper onto Hannibal's cock. He arches his back in pleasure, still gripping tight to the antlers as Hannibal leans forward and nuzzles at his chest, licking along one pectoral scar and then his nipple.

"Fuck, fuck…" Will mutters, almost completely lost to his heat now. All he needs is the knot, and his alpha will give it to him.

With a roar like that he released on killing the other alpha, Will pushed forward, slamming Hannibal onto his back.

Finally he released the antlers, his hands instead on the alpha's chest, holding him down as he fucked himself harder and deeper onto Hannibal's cock until his growing knot was kissing at Will's slick front hole.

"Knot… knot…" He mumbled, an order, not a plea.

Hannibal's hands were on his hips then, this time gripping tight and pulling Will down onto his own responding thrusts.

"Take it, take my knot. Use me…" Hannibal growled the words, knowing the reaction they would have from Will. "Gonna fill you up. Gonna breed you…"

"Alpha…" Will whimpered, his heat really setting in now, starting to make him pliant. But he resisted the urge to let his alpha take control, slamming himself down over and over until Hannibal's knot suddenly popped inside him.

Will let out a cry of pleasured pain as he was brutally stretched and filled. It felt so good, it always did. Having his front hole used and filled by his alpha, even outside of his heat, was something that never felt wrong or dysphoric. If anything it simply made him feel more omega. More himself.

Hannibal knew that, and so Will wasn't surprised when he continued to rut, continued to move his hips so that there was no doubt Will could feel every part of being filled. So that it was impossible not to rub against his g-spot.

"Good boy, good boy…" Hannibal soothed as Will whined, "let me give you what you need."

They rocked together, tears in Will's eyes, overwhelmed and almost painfully stretched, until Hannibal grunted and started to come. His hand went to the back of Will's neck, holding him tight to his chest as he throbbed and pumped inside the omega.

"Take every drop my beautiful boy," he muttered against Will's ear, cradling him and coming over and over until Will's belly began to swell between them and Will cried out with his own sudden and explosive release - his come squirting between their tightly pressed bodies.

*

They lay knotted for some time, the sky now completely black, the stars bright but no moon. The blood that smeared across Will's naked body truly did look black.

Will ached, sated. But felt bereft all the same when Hannibal slid out from inside him, followed by copious amounts of come that spilled between his thighs.

He was still groggy, but he knew they had a short time before his heat fully gripped him again. Enough time, he was sure, to dispose of the body and get home.

Will was just about to suggest just that when Hannibal's hand slid between his legs, fingers deftly working his cock, slick with Hannibal's come.

"Alpha," Will sighed, though it wasn't quite a protest.

“That’s right. Alpha. You’ve had your fun, Will. Now it’s time to be a good boy.”

Will gasped at the sudden motion as he was turned onto his front, hips lifted into mounting position a moment before Hannibal swiftly re-entered him, hardening once more. Reasserting his dominance.

“Now I shall breed you properly,” Hannibal’s voice was a low rumble. “And then we shall go home.”

Will whined and allowed himself to sink into pleasure. This certainly was a memorable last hunt before they moved on once again.

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